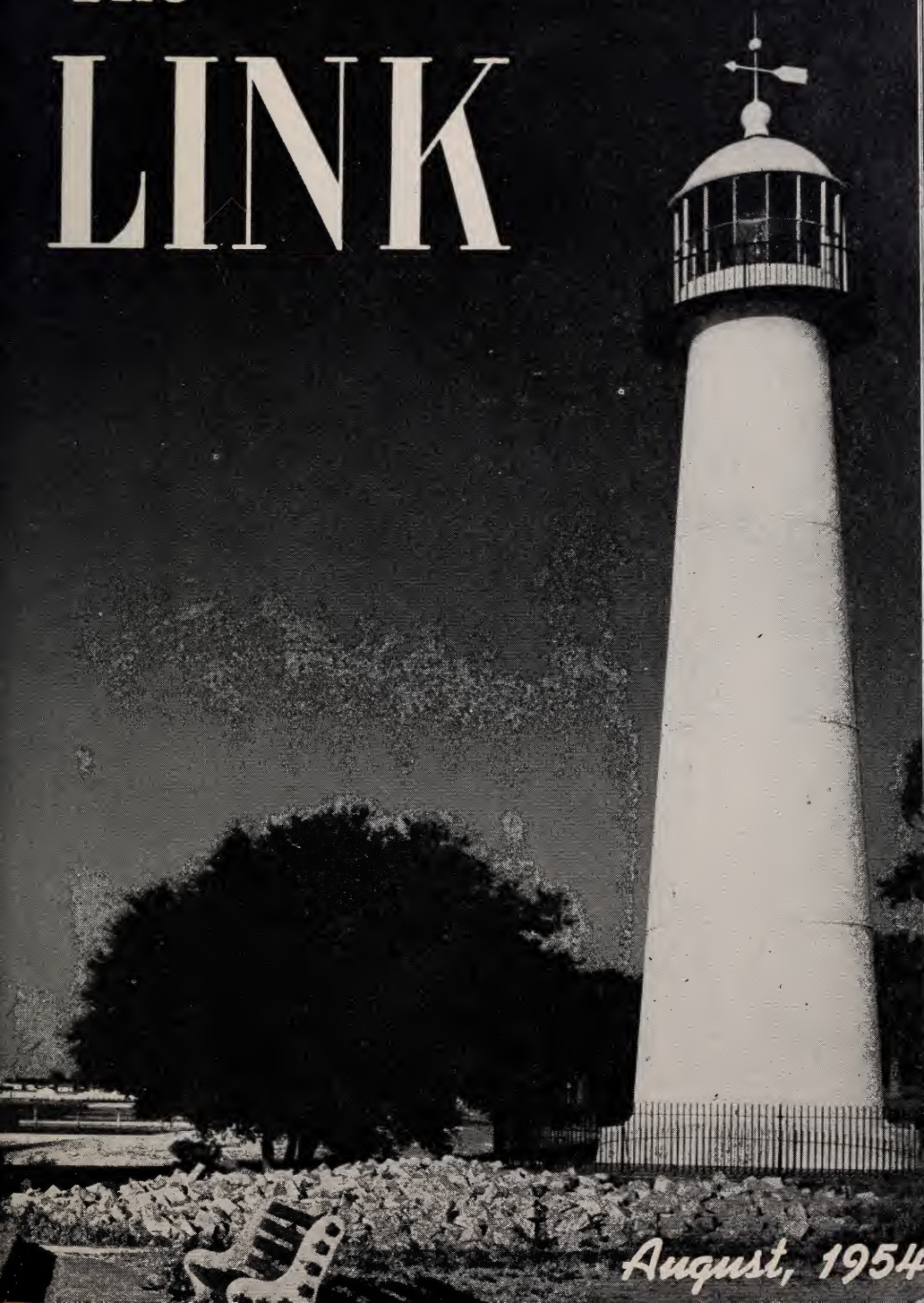


The LINK



August, 1954

Vol. 12

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Next Month's Feature

September is the birth month of that lovable prankster-poet, Eugene Field. Read about his antics and epics in THE LINK.

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1954

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Welcome Home, Darling

LEE BRADLEY



Is there anything wrong with a guy's going on vacation without his wife?

THE SMALL WHITE clapboard house in the middle of the last block on Bently Lane belongs to the Fosters. The tall, lean young man in faded fatigues, leaning on the picket fence in back, talking to his next door neighbor, is Jack Foster, the man of the house. The pretty snub-nosed blonde in white shorts, sitting on the front steps, staring at the flagstone walk, is his wife, Joanne. The Fosters have been married two years, five weeks, and three days. And for the last twenty-four hours they have not been on speaking terms.

Jack is discussing his side of the argument with Herb Henderson. "If she could ever see one thing my way, I'd know it was the end of everything."

"Oh, well," Herb said, "You know women . . ."

"I ought to after more than two years of wedded bliss—and I use the word 'bliss' loosely. If they can't have their own way, they just won't play."

"Yeah, they take their rag dolls and go home to mother."

"Can you see anything wrong with a man wanting a vacation

Author Lee Bradley is a she who writes from a man's point of view, which fools many readers. "My husband thinks it's peculiar to be married to a person whose mail comes addressed to 'Mr. Lee Bradley,'" she says.

without his wife? If I want to go fishing with the fellows and have a chance to go to this swell camp, what's wrong with that?" Jack gave the fence a thump with his fist.

Herb reached down and pulled a blade of grass and began chewing it. "Women like to go to fancy resorts and get dolled up in a lot of glad rags. And that's a vacation!"

"Some vacation!"

"You can't win!"

"You said it!"

The discussion ended, the two men turned and with a wave of the hand, headed for their respective homes. Jack went through the kitchen door, on into the front hall, and said in a loud voice, "Well, do we eat—or don't we?"

He turned and went into the bathroom and shut the door with a loud bang. Soon he could hear the rattle of dishes.

"Dinner is served, oh lord and master."

Jack grunted and stalked into the dinette. For a few minutes there was no sound but the clink

of ice and that of knives and forks. Then Jack looked over at her.

"You know you're being darned unreasonable, don't you?"

Joanne rolled up her eyes and sighed deeply. "I'm being unreasonable! Do you know my opinion of a man who wants to take a vacation while his wife sits home? I think he's downright selfish. And it shows what he thinks of her."

Jack felt guilty—but not much. "You don't have to sit here. You can go somewhere, can't you? What about your mother's?" He said the last hopefully. If Joanne went to her mother's now it would save him a trip there later.

Joanne looked at him through narrowed eyes. "And wouldn't you be surprised if I did take a vacation by myself?"

"Not surprised—grateful."

"Well! Consider the matter closed. I go my way; you go yours."

Jack's face brightened, "Do you mean it, honey?"

"I mean it and don't 'honey' me!"

And so it was settled.

For the next three weeks, activity reigned in the clapboard house. Suitcases spread over the floors, clothing filled the chairs, and fishing rods decorated the corners. Jack and Joanne were very sweet to each other. True, they did not indulge in pleasantries; but they did smile in passing. And they exchanged coolish kisses at night and again in the morning when Jack departed for work.

During this period, Jack's favorite remark was: "We'll both get a kick out of this; you'll see.



"I bet you'll want it this way every year," Joanne usually sniffed.

Sometimes the guilt would rise up in Jack. He knew he was being selfish but, hang it all, he wanted this fishing trip. Joanne didn't know what it meant to him. She didn't know anything about the joys of fishing. In fact, she hated fish. She wouldn't even cook it. She said it made the pans and the house smell awful.

August seventh Jack was out of bed at the first sign of daylight, peering through the venetian blind. He was ready and waiting when Marty Wachter's car drew up at the curb and honked.

"Well, so long, baby," he said, grabbing Joanne and giving her a hearty kiss. "I'll be home the twenty-second. Have a good time yourself. And give your mother my regards." He tossed a blanket over his shoulder, picked up his suitcase and fishing rods, and headed for the door, trying not to see the tears in his wife's eyes.

Joanne followed him outdoors. "Take care of yourself, you big lug," she called after him. She was still waving when the car turned the corner.

Al Larkin's cabin wasn't much to look at, but the crystal clear stream rushing down the mountain beside it made sweet music. Al and the three other members of the party were sitting on the front porch working on their fishing tackle.

Hank gave Jack a slap on the back. "You're a lucky so and so, Foster. Your wife's one in a million. If I'd tried taking off when I'd been married only a few years, I'd have gotten the devil."

"Oh," Jack said airily, "my

wife's a very understanding gal." And she was, too. He knew that not every man could have gotten his way so easily. He remembered the way Joanne had looked stand-

*The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they
live,
To pity and perhaps forgive.*
—William Cowper

ing on the doorstep in her housecoat, waving goodbye, and a great tenderness welled up inside him. A lump started forming in his throat, but just then someone called and he forgot everything but that he was here to fish.

The front room was lined with cots and there was a large wood stove, a table, and six chairs in the kitchen. An enormous icebox stood on the back porch.

For three days they fished, waded among the rocks in the cold water. Jack caught about a dozen rainbow trout, one that weighed more than two pounds. And he ate fried fish for breakfast, lunch, and supper. He should have been happy; he was doing the thing he liked best.

But for some reason he couldn't sleep at night. It was silly, but he would awake at intervals and find himself reaching over for Joanne. He blamed it on the lumpy mattress, but he knew he was only kidding himself. Then he tried blaming it on the mosquitoes. Whoever had said that the altitude was too high for the pests was crazy in the head.

The fourth night, while the others were playing cards in the kitchen, he sat out on the porch. He had to admit it now; he was

homesick. He hadn't known he would miss the kid so much. He sat there for almost an hour. He swatted a few mosquitoes, but mostly he watched the moon coming up above the tops of the pines. Suddenly he couldn't stand it any longer. He got up, strode inside, and asked Marty for his car keys.

"I want to get something for the mosquitoes."

"Don't let her talk you into coming home," Hank called after him.

He headed for the village of Glassnow six miles away. All the way down the mountain he felt better and better. If he could just talk to Joanne he would be all right.

He found a combination gas station and grocery open with a pay telephone on one wall. He hurried over and called his mother-in-law's number. It couldn't have been more than two minutes but it seemed an hour before she answered.

"Hello, Mother Barry," he called. "This is Jack."

"Jack," she called back, "is anything wrong with Joanne?"

"What do you mean? Isn't she there with you?"

"Why would she be here with me?"

So, he explained about the fishing trip and Joanne's plans. But in his middle, knots had tightened until he could hardly breathe. He told Mrs. Barry he would call home and see why Joanne hadn't started. He got some more change from the storekeeper and called Bently Lane. No answer. He hung around the store for an hour, calling at twenty minute intervals. Still no answer.

He didn't sleep at all, that night. He blamed himself. He should have seen that Joanne got off before he left. After all she was sort of helpless. He worried so much the next day he didn't much care whether the fish bit or not. He thought about all sorts of things: had she remembered to stop the milk and the newspaper—things he should have thought of, if he hadn't been so eager to get away.

The next evening he went back to Glassnow and called the Hendersons. Herb's wife, Sally, answered.

"Oh, sure, Joanne got off okay. She left last Saturday soon after you. A taxi picked her up before noon. No, I didn't ask where she was going. I thought she was going to her mother's. That's what you told Herb."

After that conversation, he sat on a box and drank a couple of cokes. Thinking back, he couldn't remember that Joanne had said she was going to her mother's. That had been his idea. She had said: "You go your way and I'll go mine." What the heck did that mean, he wondered. He did remember she had been more cheerful the last few days, and he felt sure she hadn't minded his going too much. What a drip he was not to ask about her plans. Too interested in his own affairs to bother about hers. He felt like a heel.

No matter how he reasoned things out, he went right on worrying. Saturday morning his mind was made up. He was going home. He didn't care if he ever saw another fish as long as he lived. Marty drove him to town to catch a bus.

As soon as he reached home, he began to feel foolish. Everything was in order except the grass; it needed cutting. He went inside and put up the blinds. Right away he saw the note pinned to his lounge chair:

FIRST ONE HOME AIR OUT THE HOUSE AND GET IN SOME FOOD. SEE YOU THE TWENTY-SECOND. LOVE,

JOANNE.

He wandered out back and looked over the fence into the Henderson's yard. Herb was sprawled in the lawn-swing, a paper over his face.

"Hi," Jack yelled.

Herb sat up and stared. "For Pete's sake, what are you doing home?"

"Oh, I had all the fishing I wanted. And the mosquitoes were deadly." He wasn't fooling Herb though.

"Ah, Joanne's all right," he said, getting up and walking over to the fence. "She's probably gone to one of those resorts she was talking about."

"She didn't take enough money. I looked in the checkbook."

Sally came out and joined them. "I'm sure she went where there was swimming and dancing."

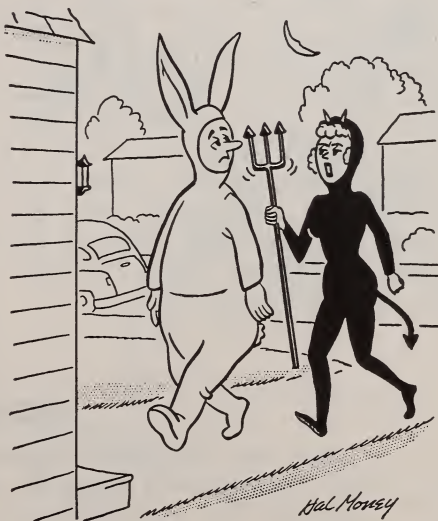
That was all he needed—to be told his wife was cavorting around with a lot of men, dancing and swimming. The bottom fell out of his stomach.

"She showed me a darling pink summer strapless," Sally went on. "And a new bathing suit. The dress was tissue something with little embroidered doodads over it. And the bathing suit had a short robe to wear with it . . ."

Jack wasn't listening; he was feeling worse all the time.

He moped around the house the next two days. He'd never been this lonely in his life. He phoned Joanne's mother and explained about the note. He cut the grass. He stocked the refrigerator. He walked up and down the living room kicking the furniture. Then he called every summer resort within two hundred miles. He called every relative of Joanne's he had ever heard of. No results. He knew he was running up a whale of a telephone bill, but he didn't care. He had to do something.

He spent part of each day berating himself. It was his fault. He had been selfish. He had treated his wife despicably. He was the one who had suggested vacationing apart. Joanne had fought it from the start. But, no, he had to have his way. Well, he'd had his way and he didn't like it.



"I'm warning you, don't get romantic with any of the girls!"

He was up early the next Sunday morning. He emptied the ashtrays, ran the sweeper over the rugs, and washed the dishes piled in the sink. He was standing at the front window when Joanne's taxi drew up. He almost knocked himself out getting through the front door and down the walk. His wife was a deep brown color.

"Oh, darling!" she cried running toward him. "You beat me home!" She threw her arms around his neck. "It seems like a year!" *She was telling him.*

He picked up her suitcases and followed her up the walk. Still he couldn't speak. The words were stuck in his throat along with the lump lodged there. Inside, he set down the luggage and took her in his arms. He held her close a few minutes until his voice returned. Then, he almost shouted, "Where in Sam Hill have you been?"

Joanne moved away and pirouetted around the room. "Just wait until I tell you. After you decided to go fishing, I got this perfectly wonderful idea. Remember Blue Lake—the inn where five of us girls waited on tables one summer while we were in college? We got our rooms and board free and could keep the tips? And we were allowed the same privileges as the guests?" He nodded his head.

"Well, I wrote to Mrs. Hanson, who runs the place, and she said I could come back. Was it ever fun! I went swimming every morning and I haven't danced so much in years. Your idea of separate vacations was super. Let's do it every year."

"No!" Jack thundered. "Never let me hear anything about separate vacations again. And I'll never mention fishing as long as I live."

"Ahhhhh—you will, too! You just think that now."

Suddenly, she swung around and picked up her purse, "Oh, I forgot." She pulled the zipper and took out some bills and dumped a heap of change on the coffee table. "Look at the money I made. There's enough here for a dress and some sport shirts for you."

"Oh yeah! Just wait until the phone bill comes. When I think of all the calls I've made to every resort within miles of here, not to mention calls to your mother and every relative, we'll need every cent of that to pay the bill!"

Joanne stared at him a moment, then her eyes softened. "Ahhhhh!" she said, "You were worried about me. Wasn't that sweet!"

Jack reached over and pulled her close to him.

"What do people in love want with vacations, anyway?"

"I know just what you mean," Joanne murmured.

ARGUMENT

Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgment, or improve the heart.

—Walter Savage Landor

Baseball Boners

Frederic Howell

To err is human, and sometimes funny—unless through it your team loses the pennant.

IN OUR GREAT national pastime of baseball there have been a few men who gave their all to the game only to be dealt with by a heartless fate. Such a man was Fred Merkle, whose name is a ballplayer's synonym for "bone-head."

Fred had a sparkling fifteen-year career as a major leaguer. He had the rare distinction of playing in five World Series, and he holds an all-time National League record for driving in six runs in one inning. Still he never lived down the nickname "bone-head" with which he was tagged when he made a bad play that cost the New York Giants the National League pennant in 1908.

In that year Fred played his first full season in the majors. Used mostly as a pinch hitter, sub-infielder, and base runner, he attracted little attention until on September 23 in a crucial game with the Chicago Cubs he committed his boner. It happened in the last of the ninth inning. The Giants were at bat with the score tied one to one. Two were out, Merkle was on first base, "Moose" McCormick was on third, and Al Bridewell was at bat.

The game was drawing to a grand climax. Christy Mathewson,

the Giant's greatest, and Jack Pfeister of the Cubs, were dueling it out in a tough pitcher's battle. Out on the mound Pfeister checked his runners, then threw to the plate. Crack! Bridewell connected and drove a safety into center field. Moose scored easily, but the inexperienced Merkle, doing what he had seen the regulars do in less hotly contested ball games, suddenly stopped halfway to second and ran to join in the hilarious victory celebration centered around home plate. Pan-



"How it flies without wings I'll never know!"

demonium broke loose, and the jubilant fans swarmed out on the diamond. Their joy knew no bounds. This was a key game, and with only two weeks left in the pennant race their Giants now held a tremendous psychological edge.

But their joy was short lived, for Johnny Evers, the Cubs smart second baseman, called for the ball, stepped on second, and claimed Merkle was out on a force play, making the third out and nullifying McCormick's run.

The rules are clear on this situation. They state specifically that no run can score on the last out of an inning if the out is made on a batter running to first base, or on a force play at any base. Yet the umpires made no decision, and the game went down in the record books as a tie!

At the season's end, the Giants and the Cubs found themselves tied for first place. In the playoffs the Cubs nabbed the pennant by beating the Giants 4-2. Had Fred Merkle continued on to second base in the earlier game, no tie would have occurred and the Giants would have captured the National League pennant.

Boners have been committed in baseball ever since the game was conceived. At one time they were called "John Andersons," after a player who tried to steal second with the bases loaded; but today they are known as "pulling a rock." Famous stars have "pulled a rock," too. Once the great Lou Gehrig cut himself out of the home run title. In 1931 Lou hit forty-seven homers to tie with Babe Ruth. Yet, had it not been for carelessness on the part of

himself and another Yankee, Lyn Lary, Lou would have had forty-eight homers that year.

It was on Easter Sunday. Gehrig hit a tremendous blow into the concrete bleachers. In fact, the ball was hit so hard it bounced back into the playing field. Lyn Lary, who was on first, thought the ball had been caught, as he had seen the outfielder grab it on the rebound. He jogged for the dugout, while Lou, absent-mindedly, trotted across the plate, believing Lary had scored ahead of him. Gehrig was called out for passing a base runner, and his homerun was technically classified as a triple; thus he lacked one four-bagger of winning the crown.

Another "muff" play occurred several years ago when Roger Peckinpaugh, playing short for Washington against the Philadelphia Athletics, scooped up a grounder and flipped it to Joe Judge on second. Joe mistakenly believed the throw was ahead of the runner and proceeded to roll the ball to the pitcher, allowing the runner not only to go around the horn, but also to score the winning run.

One other time, the Boy Wonder, Lou Boudreau, while man-aging the Cleveland Indians, called for a double steal by pulling out his handkerchief. It was a mistake on grand scale, however, for Lou, forgetting himself, had merely wanted to blow his nose.

There have been some "boners" with a comic twist, also. Playing with the White Sox some years ago was a character named Smead Jolley. Jolley was catching in a contest against the Red Sox. The game progressed smoothly until

When he's not working at his construction job, fooling with his four sons, playing handball or baseball, Frederic Howell tries a hand at writing articles like "Baseball Boners."

a batter hit a high pop fly in front of the plate. Instantly Smead flipped off his mask and tore after the ball. As he did so, his cap came off and uncovered a pate as bald as an egg. He had a choice of either catching the ball or covering his head with his mitt. He chose the latter, and yelled to the entire infield in general, "Come on! You take it. It's all yours!" The ball dropped safely and Smead Jolley was temporarily dropped from the lineup.

But the crown princes of all the "boneheads" were "Uncle Wilbert" Robinson's crazy Dodgers of a few years back. Using as their motto: "One for all, and all for nothing," these screwballs tripped over bases, ran the bases backward, and batted frequently out of turn. Once with two out and one on, with Brooklyn behind, a Dodger, probably Babe Herman, cracked a homer. The runner, trotting lazily, watched it disappear over the fence, while Herman, dreaming of the steak he was going to have after the game, passed the runner without knowing it. He was called out and Brooklyn handed the ball game to the other side on a home-run platter.

The Flatbush hero, Babe Herman, figured in another Dodger antic when he hit into a double play with a two-bagger that helped win a ball game! With one out in the seventh, Babe came to bat. There were three men on, and Herman hit one a mile high

into right field. The runners held up, and when the ball wasn't caught, Hank DeBerry scored from third. Dazzy Vance rounded third from second, and Chick Fewster turned at the "keystone." But the Babe, running with a typical every-man-for himself attitude, passed Fewster and slid into third. Meanwhile Vance, who had heard the third base coach yell to Herman, "Back! Back!" thought the order was directed to him. Dazzy then tore desperately back to the bag and ran into Herman, pinning Fewster between them!

Fewster then headed back to second. Herman was out for passing a runner, but the puzzled Pirate third sacker, Eddie Taylor, tagged both Vance and Herman still standing on the bag. Of course, it was useless to tag either Vance or Herman because Vance was legally entitled to the base and Herman was already out. Finally, Doc Gautreau, the Pirate second baseman, snatched the ball and plunged after Fewster. Fewster then began to back away and, in fact, he backed all the way into right field where Gautreau finally put the tag on him to end the fiasco.

In the final analysis "to err is human," and it is a fact that, though some Big Leaguers have committed some "boners," they never let it get them down—which probably is one reason why they rose to the Big Time in the first place.

● For dirty, ragged youngsters: a real home

Boy's Town, Korea

William R. Kreh



NOT LONG AGO, a small community on a tiny island in the Han River near Seoul, Korea, opened its doors. It was Boy's Town, Korea.

Like its namesake in the United States, this Boy's Town is dedicated to the belief that all boys deserve an even break in life—a chance to be raised in a wholesome atmosphere; to receive three square meals a day, an education, clothing instead of rags; to become useful citizens.

This town was made possible through the warm-hearted generosity of the American soldier. The men of the 5th Regimental Combat Team were looking for a worthwhile project to support. They were put in touch with Dr. Huyn Dong Wan, general secretary of the YMCA in Seoul. Dr. Wan had long dreamed of a Boy's Town in Korea, but lacked the funds.

The doctor's dream town sounded good to the Army men. In only two months' time they

Sunday service, Boy's Town, Korea.

raised among themselves a total of \$18,000. A few months later, a town was born.

Mr. Whang Kwang Eun, a member of the Seoul YMCA staff, is manager of Boy's Town. He is a graduate of Chosen Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul, where he studied for the ministry. During his student days, he worked in an orphanage where he became so vitally interested in social work that he changed his ministerial career. During the past ten years, he has worked almost exclusively with children. Mr. Eun's wife, You Sun, is a graduate of Ewha College of Pharmacy, and she cares for the health of the boys.

The six teachers at Boy's Town provide formal education in the morning. In the afternoon, they switch to vocational subjects such as broom-making, animal husbandry, farming, carpentry,



Boy's Town staff meets with Dr. Huyn Dong Wan of Seoul YMCA.

various phases of metal work.

The tiny community consists of twelve houses that are used for living quarters. Each has three rooms and a kitchen, and accommodates fifteen boys. There are two classrooms, each holding three of the six grades in the Korea primary school. There is an administration building

Trash dump stands inspection.



which houses the offices of the manager and the elected mayor of Boy's Town and their staffs. There is also a quonset hut which serves as a recreation hall and chapel.

When a boy enters the town he is given one Boy Scout uniform, one school uniform, and one extra pair of trousers. For each hour of work, he is credited with one hwan in the town bank. This credit can be applied against the purchase of additional clothing or personal needs.

The 160 acres of land surround-

ing the community are being used to grow crops. It is expected that these will enable the town to be entirely self-supporting within the next year. In the meantime, the Seoul City Team of Korea Civil Assistance Command will help this courageous little town with food, clothing, blankets, and medical supplies.

Recently, 144 boys started calling Boy's Town "home," and for many a dirty, ragged youngster it was the first real home that he knew—thanks to the American servicemen.

BOYHOOD

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—John Greenleaf Whittier,
Barefoot Boy

Man's Best Friend

Jan Watt



"Leggo of me you four-legged devil!" yelled Sheriff Red. His face turned a fiery crimson, matching the thinning patch of hair on the top of his head. "Call off this consarned dog of yours, Hank, before I put a bullet through him!"

"Let go, Wolf," ordered Old Hank. The huge police dog unclenched his iron grip from Red's arm and lay down by the pot-bellied stove. Old Hank's face gleamed with the radiance of a small boy with a new toy. He chuckled softly. "That'll teach ya to keep your paws out of my apple barrel," he said. "No offense intended, ya understand—just wanted to show ya what a good watchdog I've got."

"You and your watchdog," sputtered Sam, rubbing his arm. "That's all I hear around here anymore. One of these day you'll be minus a watchdog. By Jasper, if he was a man I'd lock him up in my jailhouse for assault and battery. I don't wear this badge for nothing, you know."

Hank chuckled again. He appeared to be immensely pleased with the result of his little joke.

Red puffed out his chest like

a banty rooster and stalked over to the door. He slammed it behind him, muttering, "Been eating those

apples for twenty years and then he pulls a fool trick like that!"

Later that day, when Sheriff Red had calmed down, he returned to his usual place in Hank's General Store. He was sitting with his feet comfortably propped up on the stove when a tall stranger walked in. Red watched through half-closed eyes as the man approached the counter.

"Good afternoon, Mister," smiled Hank. "What can I do for you?"

"That's quite a dog you got there," said the stranger looking at the sleeping police dog.

Old Hank's face lit up like a hundred-watt bulb. "Yesiree," Hank said, "man's best friend—best durned watchdog in these here parts. Don't take orders from anybody but me."

"You don't say," drawled the stranger. He walked past the sleeping dog and around in back of the counter. He appeared to be looking for something on the shelf when suddenly, without a

word of warning, he whirled around and shoved a gun into the ribs of old Hank.

"OK, Mister, not a peep out of you," he snapped. "I want all the money you got in that cash register—and you—you, over there," he said nodding at Red. "That goes for you too. Up with the hands."

Sheriff Red stood up quickly and raised his hands over his head. He watched Old Hank's face turn as white as the paper on the counter.

Hank cast a helpless look at the sleeping watchdog, but Wolf did not stir. With nervous fingers Hank opened the register and started to take out the money.

"Put it in this paper bag," said the man, wagging the gun under Hank's nose, "and be quick about it."

Old Hank's fingers trembled as he scooped the money into the bag and handed it to the man. Again he glanced at his dog, but Wolf must have been dreaming. He continued to sleep, unaware of his master's plight.

"Thank you kindly, gentlemen," said the robber in mock politeness. He backed slowly toward the door, keeping the gun leveled at Hank with his right hand. His left hand clutched the bag of money.

Sheriff Red viewed this dramatic scene in silence. He watched intently as the robber fumbled with the doorknob. Then, seeing his opportunity, he made a quick lunge and knocked the bag of money from the robber's hand. The bag fell to the floor with a dull thud, and Wolf stirred slightly. The robber cast a startled look

at the sheriff, then turned on his heel and fled.

Sheriff Red picked up the fallen bag of money. "You and your mangy watchdog," he smirked at Hank. "A lot of good he done you. It takes a fast-thinkin' sheriff like me to keep *you* from being robbed!" Red handed the bag to Hank. "Here's the money safe and sound. I really oughta make you get down and kiss my boots!"

"And I could just about do it!" said Old Hank. His face beamed admiration. "By George, that was mighty quick thinkin', Red." Hank looked down at Wolf. The huge police dog stretched lazily, then resumed his sleeping position. "Tomorrow there'll be one less watchdog around here," barked Hank. "You no-good grocery-eatin' hound!"

Sheriff Red left Hank's General Store looking noticeably proud of himself. His chest was puffed out and the star pinned to his coat shone in the afternoon sunlight. As he opened the door to his office, a man stepped up behind him and jabbed something into his ribs. "OK, Mister, not a peep out of you," a voice said, "I want all that money you got!"

Red turned around slowly, then burst out laughing.

"Say, that was a real good act you put on," said Red. "Here's the ten bucks I promised you."

"Sure thing," said the young fellow, "anything for a laugh."

"Yep," said Red returning the gun to his empty holster, "it was a durned good thing you happened to be passing through town this afternoon. I don't think I could have stood one more day of 'man's best friend!'"

Miracle of the GI Offering

William H. Pape
World War II Chaplain

"How's about taking up an offering this evening, Chaplain?" The roar of a flight of P-40's buzzing the field and peeling off put a temporary stop to the conversation between myself and the sergeant. It was Sunday evening at the USAAF base at Yunnanyi, West China, in the spring of 1943, and we were getting ready for the evening service.

"Good idea, Sergeant, but what would we do with the money?" I replied as soon as the planes had gone.

He passed the buck to me again, and my thoughts flew to a leper colony I had seen pictures of a year before. German missionaries had been directing the work then, but from the outbreak of war in Europe, they had not been allowed to leave their compound. I had heard indirectly that an English boy, Laurie Baker, of the Friends Ambulance Unit, had volunteered to take over the colony, but I knew nothing about the financial angle. When I suggested our offering could go to

the leper work, the sergeant liked the idea.

The church service that evening had nothing extraordinary about it. The flight surgeon, Major Barney Voss, was at the little organ we had salvaged from a Chinese hospital. The singing was as hearty as usual, and the suggestion of an offering for the Chinese lepers met with a liberal response. The sermon, as far as I remember now, was on the Prodigal Son. Next day I mailed the money to Laurie Baker with the squadron's best wishes, then forgot all about it.

About the time we were having our service, Laurie himself, I was to learn later, was standing at the gate of the colony, looking at three sore-covered, dejected lepers seeking sanctuary. In that part of China, a leper was a fugitive. The Chinese knew no remedy for the disease except destroying the leper. Some were buried alive; others met their fate by being drowned in the river, or by being burned alive in their straw hovels.

"I'm very sorry indeed, but I just can't take you in. We're not accepting any more patients," he told the three lepers. Only that evening he had been explaining his problems to the colony. Medical supplies were exhausted, and that was why he had to bandage the open sores with coarse brown paper that day. Food was about finished too, and the corn, their staple diet, was sufficient for only a few more days. What was worse, unless more corn could be bought on the next market day there would be no more for sale until the new harvest. And what was more serious, he had no money at all. Nothing could be sent out from Germany, and he had no other financial resources. Prayer, he had told the lepers, was the only way out.

The three lepers turned to go away. They had just heard their death sentence. Laurie Baker turned away too, slowly and sadly. "I was hungered, and ye gave Me no meat; . . . I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in; . . . sick, and ye visited Me not." The words came to him as forcibly as if they had been spoken aloud. He suddenly saw those three forlorn, miserable lepers in a new light. He turned around, re-opened the gate, and called the men back. "We'll take you in and God will provide."

The leper colony protested the arrival of three newcomers at a time when supplies were insufficient. "One minute you tell us there isn't enough food for us; the next minute you let three more men in," they muttered. Laurie Baker faced them, challenged



them with the scripture that had challenged him, and then he called for a time of prayer. The newly arrived men had never before seen men pray for food and money. As stumps of hands were held out beseechingly to God, and broken lips called upon the Saviour's name, it seemed as if God's faithfulness to His promises, as well as the existence of the colony, were at stake.

Market day came, and Baker set off for town, the only person going to a busy market with nothing to sell, and nothing to buy. On his way, he called at the compound of the German missionaries for an exchange of news. For the first time in his experience he found mail waiting for him. A letter from a chaplain at an American airbase 500 miles away was altogether unexpected, but the gift it contained sent a thrill through his heart. Here was the answer to his prayers! Before the lepers had called, God had answered by putting an idea into a soldier's mind. In all of the crowded Pichieh market that day, no man bought corn with a more thankful heart than Laurie Baker.

He went home with all that he needed.

At church later I read Baker's letter to the men, with the story of the Lord's tender care for the leper colony. As he listened to the account of God's rescue mission, Major Barney Voss spoke for us all. "That's a miracle, an absolute miracle!" he said. And now that we saw the Lord had been guiding us to that first offering, we decided to keep the miracle going. The leper colony became our special project. We invited Laurie Baker to visit us to tell us about the work, and then we sent him back with enough money to buy clothes, cloth for bandages, wash basins, soap, and essential equipment to keep the colony going.

The miracle offering had a chain reaction. Three lepers were saved from a horrible death, and saw that God is a living God who hears

and answers prayers. More than that, the whole colony had a new experience of the Lord's loving kindness, for their needs were met by our offerings until an American doctor and his wife arrived with drugs and supplies.

And finally, Major Barney and I got a new vision of what God can do on the mission field. After the war ended, he and I met again in the States and talked of China, and of the lepers, and of the great need of the people of Asia to know Christ as Saviour and Redeemer. We prayed that we might get back there to work together. But before our hopes could come true, the door to China was closed. But the vision never faded, and today Barney is a missionary in a city on the Persian Gulf, and I am in Japan. Until we can go to China, we will serve other needy people.

The Woman Who Came Behind Him in the Crowd

Near him she stole, rank after rank;
She feared approach too loud;
She touched his garment's hem, and
shrank,
Back in the sheltering crowd.

A shame-faced gladness thrills her
frame:

Her twelve years' fainting prayer
Is heard at last! she is the same
As other women there!

She hears his voice. He looks about,
Ah! is it kind or good
To drag her secret sorrow out
Before that multitude?

The eyes of men she dares not meet—
On her they straight must fall!
Forward she sped, and at his feet
Fell down, and told him all.

To the one refuge she hath flown,
The Godhead's burning flame!
Of all earth's women she alone
Hears there the tenderest name!

"Daughter," he said, "be of good cheer;
Thy faith hath made thee whole:"
With plenteous love, not healing mere,
He comforteth her soul.

—George MacDonald



FACE TO FACE

When I was in cadet training in the Air Force, I met all types of men. Living closely with them and seeing them in action sometimes gave startling glimpses of life and differences in people.

One of the flyers in our group was nicknamed "Hot Rod" because he dared more than most of us, even though daring seemed a part of our business. Yet, he seemed to have a natural flying instinct that kept him from disaster. He was conceded to be one of the best. He was likable, too, with even white teeth flashing a devil-may-care smile, while his brown eyes glinted with amusement, especially when he tried to worry the Parson, another of our group in cadet training. I think all of us thought Hot Rod carried the devilment a little too far.

We liked the Parson, a big man well over six feet, quiet and methodical, with a slow smile occasionally lighting his heavy Slavic features. He was dubbed "the

Della Fell Lazier

Parson" because of his habit of reading the Bible every night, and he always knelt when he said his prayers. As he knelt most of us kept quiet, with a deep silence enveloping the barracks, but Hot Rod would occasionally rib, "At it again, old boy! Must be fun getting down on your prayer bones," or some similar foolishness.

One night when he started his ribbing, big, lean John McCluskey said with a growl, "Maybe that's his business, not yours, he's doin'. Let him alone."

That was the last time that Hot Rod piped off, but sometimes I would catch him looking at the Parson speculatively as if he wondered what he was getting out of that Book and his prayers.

Then, one day in mid-air it happened, while they were flying in formation. Hot Rod's and the Parson's planes came too close. One wing was sheared off the Parson's plane, and he dropped, rushing to his death.

Later, Hot Rod told me more about that and also about his own gruelling experience in the desert afterwards. I found him there and brought him in after he had been forced down in his plane.

That rescue established a closeness between us, and one day he opened up as we sat under a spreading oak tree by the side of a mountain stream, watching the

light and shadow patches upon the surface of the rippling water. He was the same Hot Rod, yet different—the same black curly hair and slight wiry form, all spring and muscle, but with his face strengthened and sobered even when that rollicking smile came flashing through.

His story impressed and helped me. I'm going to give it to you just as he told it to me.

He started off with the question, "Why does a person wait until an extremity—till one faces death—to get next to one's real self? The days and nights that I spent in the stifling heat of the great desert, with no life anywhere, only that immense stretch of aridness, with the wind sometimes whipping and blowing the sand until my parching throat stung. I was afraid to leave the plane. I knew it would be easier to find me with the plane, if they came to look, than if I wandered off by himself. Hopelessly, I tried again and again to get the radio set to work, so I could signal where I was. My only communication means left were my signal mirror and flares.

"Then, I would think—nothing to do but think. All my past—little incidents and some big ones from boyhood on—paraded before me. The times I stole, just for the fun of stealing—apples, bananas, in

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front of stores. Then bigger stuff, things from cars; one tool box I especially remembered. Taking things, I guess, not because I really wanted or needed them, but just to show that I could get by

myself on my knees praying, praying like the Parson, reaching out for help. Strangely enough, I wasn't asking for my life to be saved, but I kept crying out, 'Forgive me, Parson!' 'Forgive me,

Such as men themselves are, such will God appear to them to be; and such as God appears to them to be, such will they show themselves in their dealings with their fellow men.

—Dean Inge

with it. Daring, always daring myself and others along with me to do a little bit more. Smart aleck actions!

"That's when I started drinking, really cultivating a taste for it. I kept at it in the Air Force, nips from the flask on the sly. Having fun, I thought, taking care to hide the evidence, inside and out. It seemed to give me power, made me more sure of myself.

"Sure, I knew it was contrary to rules—what of it? Then, that day came when the Parson fell, plummeting to his death, one wing sheared off by my plane, and me, safe, okay, in the air—me and my little flask. They never knew. I was absolved at the inquiry. You know, both of us to blame. I went on flying, while the Parson . . ."

"I really sweated out my agony and remorse out there in the desert thinking about that. Over and over again I lived through those moments in the air and that sickening wrench—cutting through the Parson's plane. First, red hot thoughts like javelins pricked me; then they hammered away like sledge hammers.

"When it seemed as though I couldn't think any more, as if my whole body was numb, I found

God!' over and over again. I felt that I had no right even to ask for forgiveness, but I was propelled by something within myself, something stronger than anything I had ever felt before.

"As if in a flash of light there came a voice. It sounded like the Parson's but it was deeper, and more mellow, "Believe . . . and thou shalt be saved." Was it just a mirage that I seemed to see the Parson and behind him another figure, faintly, it is true, but with such majesty and kindness in his eyes that I fairly groveled in the sand of the desert?

"I felt such a peace of soul, filling me through and through, cleansing and lifting me. It didn't matter whether or not a plane came to rescue me. I already felt the joy of deliverance. I lay there utterly spent and at peace, face to face—and I wasn't afraid. Then, you, my friend, came and took me in. You told me one day afterwards that I had changed. Now you know why."

The years have slipped by. Yes, Hot Rod had changed. I received a letter from him the other day telling me about his work in a rescue mission. The letter was signed, "Parson."

MR. BIG-MOUTH

K. D. Curtis

STIFF AND OMNISCIENT, he sat there on the pier's pil-ing like a judge on his bench, neck hunched into shoulders, un-moving head doing nothing but registering all that was going on in the bay. His world was bounded by the blue infinity of the sky-dome over the Gulf of Mexico, and the deeper blue of the bay water, ruffled now by the soft fan of the trade winds, and crusted with jewels by the tropical sun.

As I waited for the pilot of the PBM flying boat—his craft anchored off shore listing on her port side pontoon like a bird resting on one leg—I reflected it was strange that so many people had seen my friend of the pier-post without knowing his name personally.

Whether you tour along the Gulf, or travel the country from Charleston to Key West, you've seen the Brown Pelican. The gray-brown feathers mantle most of the body. There's white at the tail and around the busy eyes, green on the nose and chin. All this gives you no excuse for confusing him with the White Pelican, who is a different bird in



more ways than color. I reflected on these things as I awaited our PBM skipper.

The pilot came up, finally, muttering in ungentlemanly terminology. At the sight of him, the

K. D. Curtis, during World War II a Navy medic, now a patient in Navy and veterans hospitals, writes for radio, Sunday supplements, and small magazines.

feathered judge declared recess by lowering his four webbed toes daintily into the bay. The man-flyer shrugged.

"No use trying to get air-borne in this calm," he said, "barely enough wind to pretty-pucker the water. Besides, Miami's a short hop."

I took a chance. "The pelicans have been flying. I've been watching them."

The young pilot looked at his flying boat, yanking her bow-line. Then at the pelican wiggling gently in the water. "That darn goony bird! Makes me jealous every time I crawl into my flying skiff."

I took a chance. "Why?"

"Because that sourpuss is so perfect in all departments. In air-manship."

"Probably comes natural," I said in condolence.

"Probably. Scuttlebutt says the PBM's were designed after his flying silhouette. He sorta flies like we do, at that. Only we'd bash in our hull if we'd ever try a dive like his!

"Makes me jealous watching him take off in any wind and go about his travels, while I sweat out this almost-zero wind. Wish our PBM's could get air under their tummies in a calm, quick as he does."

He was overdoing it, but I let him have his satisfaction.

The young skipper picked up a rock. "Now watch his handling." He went into a World Series wind-up and pitched a strike at the swimming judge.

The big brown bird didn't make a squawk or a sound. He popped a couple of yards of wing-spread

and began to churn the soporific air. The water aft was suddenly shattered into foaming spindrift. A wake like that tailing a full-throttle amphibian formed. He skip-splashed a second. Then, with a wiggle-and-a-flap, he lifted his eight or ten pounds up into the sanctuary of the sky. It was all powerful — ponderous — poised —and beautiful.

When he got silhouetted, I could see that his neck was in, his head streamlined into his "bow." His wing contour had that mansard angle flying boats have.

"Where do these fishermen roost?" I asked.

"In a mangrove patch, on the leeward side of that island." He pointed. "Fishermen say they nest over there."

"What do the nests look like?"

"Jerry-rigged. Like a stork's. With three eggs—sometimes on the ground."

"Well, ol' big-mouth's a queer bird," I admitted.

"I'll say. You oughta see 'em flying in against the evening sun. Low, strung out, tip-to-tip, every wing wiggling in unison. Gives you a queer feeling. Looks just like a big sea serpent suddenly imitating the flying fishes."

After the pilot left I hunted up my friend, Carlos, Cuban-born caretaker. I'd seen pelicans many times in his Cuba.

"Carlos," I said, "I've never heard a sound from a pelican. Don't they make any?"

"Only when they're young, like a baby in church," laughed Carlos. "Then they're fed pelican's 'pigeon-milk.' That is unless the ha-ha birds have hijacked the family fish."

"The ha-ha birds? Oh, come, come, Carlos . . . !"

"'Tis true!" Then he told how the Laughing Gulls pestiferously swarm around a pelican and yank fish right out of his big mouth.

I remember the first time I saw a pelican dive. I thought he'd been hit by a death-ray. He plum-

His cousin, the White Pelican, can't do any of this high-diving dare-deviltry. He'd break his neck if he did. He's a skimmer and one who seines in the prosaic shallows.

I was aloft in the flying boat when I heard the "on-the-lam-from-Uncle-Sam" story. During World War I pelicans were ac-



meted like a brick. I know now that he always plunges downward. A split second after the belly-buster, he barrel-rolls under the water. Water pressure pops open his pouch-mouth. He surfaces, headed right into the wind. He jettisons the sea-water he's scooped and seines out the fish. To take the traumatism out of that terrible tumble, he's equipped with a clever pneumatic cushion about the breast. Oh, yes—if he's suddenly scared, his big jowl will drop, and all the little fishes come tumbling out.

cused by the Federal Food Administration of dredging valuable seafoods from the Gulf and Atlantic waters. They became as welcome as enemy aircraft. Uncle Sam plotted massacre. In the nick of time, it was proven a pelican's palate was poles apart from people—in sea meat preferences.

I was thinking of narrow escapes when I looked out of the porthole. I suddenly made out a sea serpent rising, just above the western horizon and wafting heavenward. It was ripping along like a heat-wave, too!

Figure This Out!

Willard S. Smith

MATHEMATICS, as everyone knows, is an exact science. Which means that there is no deviation possible when 2 is added to 2, or when 569 is raised to the *n*th power. Multiply 25 by three and the answer is 75 today, tomorrow, and a thousand years from now.

Since everyone knows that figures don't lie, juggling them about a bit can provide a fascinating entertainment, and the almost magic property of some numbers can assist you in astounding your friends. With this in mind the following examples show what can be done. Go over each stunt until it is thoroughly familiar to you. Then your apparently casual manner when you are actually performing will convince your audience that you are mighty clever, with a remarkable aptitude for mathematics.

A good way to start is to suggest that maybe your audience doesn't know how to count. Pick out the individual most loud in his laughter and ask him to repeat

aloud that number which follows the number you name. For instance, if you say 45 he is to say 46; if you say 372 he is to say 373. Having made this clear, repeat several numbers, waiting for him to repeat the following number before you name another. Gradually speed up a trifle, naming one or two numbers up in the hundreds. When everything is going smoothly give him 4,099. It will be an unusual person who does not come out with 5,000 instead of 4,100.

Along the same line, ask someone to write quickly "eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven." (You try it before reading further!) If the individual in the preceding paragraph is still on his feet give him a piece of chalk and ask him to write it on the blackboard. About then his deflation should be apparent! The number, obviously (?) is written 12,111.

Here is a sample of one that is intriguing. Write on a blackboard or piece of paper—the blackboard

Number-juggler Willard S. Smith is a chaplain in the veterans hospital, Rutland Heights, Mass. He's also been a professional magician more than 35 years.

if you are using these stunts as an act, which you can well do, the piece of paper if it is for a few friends—1,2,3,4,5,6,7,9. Notice that 8 is omitted. Ask someone which of these is his favorite. You then write a number as the multiplier and tell him to multiply. The answer will consist entirely of the number he has selected. If he named 2 the answer will be 222, 222, 222. If he named 6, the answer will be 666, 666, 666. This is an example of the strange property of the number 9. All you do is mentally multiply the number he names by 9 and put the result down as the multiplier. If he says 2 you have him multiply 12345679 by 18; if he says 6 the multiplier is 54. If his answer is not all one number you can safely assert that he has made a mistake. Mathematics, remember, is an exact science.

You might tell a story to go with the next one, as intriguing a problem as you'll run across. It seems Si Spudkins was drafted while he was still in grammar school. In fact, he was just completing his fifth year in the fourth grade, which was taught by a cute blonde, when Uncle Sam sent him greetings. Consequently Si was not too hot in arithmetic. In fact, he never learned any more than to multiply or divide by 2. However, when Si had a problem in some sort of aptitude test for pfc rating, lo and behold, he got the right answer. The problem was this. (Put down the figures as you go along.) How many potatoes will be needed to feed 65 soldiers a week, allowing 32 spuds per man? Si's method was unorthodox to be sure, but interesting.

First, he put down 65. Then the 32. Then he proceeded to divide the 65 by 2, time after time, until he got down to 1. Turning his attention to the 32 he multiplied it by 2 as many times as he had divided the 65. The sergeant called Si's attention to the fact that he had neglected to include the fractions involved. Si allowed as how he "never did git to figurin' them things."

Well, when the 65 had been reduced to 1, and the 32 had been increased to 2,048 Si stood back, looked over the whole business, then proceeded to cross out all *even* numbers in the left column together with their corresponding numbers in the right column.

"Hey, what's this all about?" the sergeant wanted to know.

"Jest adoin' that there problem," Si replied. "We'll jest add up the numbers over here on the right that ain't crossed out and we'll have the right number o' spuds for them soljers." Which they did, coming up with 2,080, which is 65 X 32.

This will work with any numbers. Just follow Si's procedure.

Here is what the problem looked like, Si's method:

65	32
~~32~~	~~64~~
~~16~~	~~128~~
8	256
4	512
~~2~~	~~1024~~
1	2048
	2080

This one will come in handy as a complicated way to find out your girl's birthday, just in case she refuses to tell you outright.

Have her write down the day of the month on which she was born. Let's say it was the 14th. Have her multiply this number by 2 and add 3 to the answer. Next she multiplies the result by 50 and to this answer adds the number of the month in which she was born. January would be 1, February would be 2, etc. Now she adds 5 and multiplies the result by 100. Finally have her add her age at the time of her last birthday. Ask for the grand total and from it—better use pencil and paper; it would never do to have *this* come out a few years too many!—subtract 15,500. The two right-hand figures will be the young lady's age; the next two on the left will be the number of the month in which she was born; the last two will be the day of the month—and you can plan ahead for that birthday present.

Worked out it would look like this—we'll say her birthday is March 14 and she was born in 1934.

14	1553
×2	+5
—	—
28	1558
+3	×100
—	—
31	155800
×50	+20
—	—
1550	155820
+3	—15500
—	—
1553	140320

So you know her birthday is the 14th of March and she is 20.

So far the stunts given have been, shall we say, "legitimate"—all straight mathematics that follow the precise laws of that science. Here are a couple that seem to figure right and are good for laughs; let your audience try to figure out the fallacies later.

This one is old but is always good. Here again a story helps, in fact you need one. So tell of the farmer who had a herd of 17 pure-bred cows. He died, and his will left the herd to his three sons. The oldest boy was to get $\frac{1}{2}$ of the herd, the next oldest was to get $\frac{1}{3}$ of the herd, and the youngest was to get $\frac{1}{9}$ of the herd. Write down these fractions as you mention them. The farmer had also stipulated that none of the cows should be sold or disposed of in any way, nor were any other cows to be brought in to contaminate the herd. But to divide 17 cows into lots of $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, and $\frac{1}{9}$ was a problem that had the boys stumped. Fortunately along came Joey Jojo who had taken a course in lower mathematics. "Simple," he said, "Borrow a cow and put her in the lower pasture by herself." This they did. "Now," said Joey, "you have 18 cows. Go ahead and divide the herd just like your father said. So they gave the oldest boy $\frac{1}{2}$ of the 18 cows, which was 9. They gave the next oldest boy his $\frac{1}{3}$, which was 6. (Write these numbers one under the other as you talk.) And the youngest boy who rated only $\frac{1}{9}$ of the herd got his share, which was 2. "Now add 'em up," said Joey. Which they did—9 plus 6 plus 2 makes 17, the borrowed cow was re-

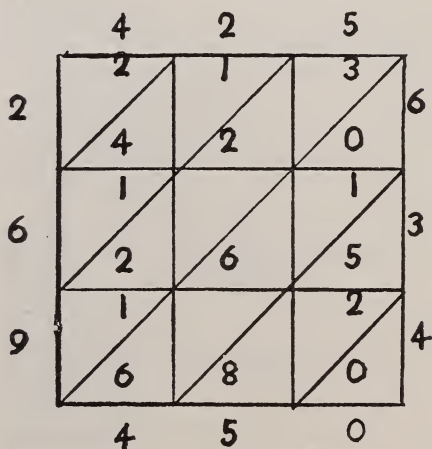
turned and the terms of the will had been carried out. (!)

So you think you work too hard? Maybe you do, but the average person in civilian life should be ashamed to make such a statement. (This is your line for what follows.) There are 365 days in the year. (Put this down at the top of the blackboard.) Doctors tell us we should sleep 8 hours out of every 24, work 8 hours, and allow 8 hours for recreation. Let's assume that the average person more or less rigidly follows this schedule. He works 8 hours a day, or about one third of his time. That means 122 days, to make it even numbers. (Put down the 122 and subtract from the 365, putting down 243.) He sleeps 8 hours out of every 24, that's another third of his time, 122 days (subtract), leaving him 121 days. The average person doesn't work Sundays, so we have to subtract 52 of them. Also Saturday afternoons at least, which means 26 days to deduct in the course of the year. (Subtract as you go along.) There are a number of holidays through the year when everything closes—Fourth of July, Christmas, Labor Day, state holidays, about a dozen of them a year. (Subtract 12.) And a man must eat if he is to work. Figuring even half an hour a day for lunch amounts to sixteen days a year. Then vacation time comes around and he gets two weeks vacation, that's fourteen days, leaving a grand total of 1 day a year in which to work . . . and the average person says he works too hard!

Here's how your blackboard or paper should look:

365 Days in a year
 122 Work—8 hours a day
 —
 243
 122 Sleep—8 hours a day
 —
 121
 52 Sundays
 —
 69
 26 Saturdays, $\frac{1}{2}$ day
 —
 43
 12 Holidays
 —
 31
 16 Lunch, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour a day
 —
 15
 14 Vacation
 —
 1 Day(s) worked!

Now let's get back to some straight, although not necessarily conventional, math. For instance, here is the way they multiplied about the time of Columbus—or maybe Genghis Khan! Draw a square, divide it into 9 smaller squares, then draw diagonal lines as shown in the illustration.



Ask for a number of three digits. Say 425 is named. Put it across the top of your diagram. Another number of three digits is named, 634, and is written vertically along the right side of the square. Multiply the 5 by the 6 and put 30 in the upper right corner divided by the diagonal line as shown. Multiply the 2 by the 6 and place in the upper center square. Multiply the 4 by 6, and the 24 goes in the upper left square.

Now multiply the 5, the 2, the 4 by the 3 and place the answers in the middle squares.

Multiply the 5, the 2, the 4 by the 4 at the bottom of the right column and place the answers in

the bottom row of squares. Now add the columns of diagonals just as if they were in vertical columns. Reading down the left side and across the bottom you have 269, 450. Which is just as correct for 425 X 634 as if you worked it in the usual way.

Here's a quickie. Write down 3025. Divide this number in the center so you have 30 and 25. Add these and you get 55. Square the 55 and—well, try it and see what you get!

In conclusion here are some examples of rhythmic cadence of numbers, using simple addition and multiplication.

$$\begin{array}{rcl}
 11 \times 11 & = & 121 \\
 111 \times 111 & = & 12321 \\
 1111 \times 1111 & = & 1234321 \\
 11111 \times 11111 & = & 123454321 \\
 111111 \times 111111 & = & 12345654321 \\
 1111111 \times 1111111 & = & 1234567654321 \\
 11111111 \times 11111111 & = & 123456787654321 \\
 111111111 \times 111111111 & = & 12345678987654321
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{rcl}
 1 \times 8 + 1 & = & 9 \\
 12 \times 8 + 2 & = & 98 \\
 123 \times 8 + 3 & = & 987 \\
 1234 \times 8 + 4 & = & 9876 \\
 12345 \times 8 + 5 & = & 98765 \\
 123456 \times 8 + 6 & = & 987654 \\
 1234567 \times 8 + 7 & = & 9876543 \\
 12345678 \times 8 + 8 & = & 98765432 \\
 123456789 \times 8 + 9 & = & 987654321
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{rcl}
 9 \times 9 + 7 & = & 88 \\
 9 \times 98 + 6 & = & 888 \\
 9 \times 987 + 5 & = & 8888 \\
 9 \times 9876 + 4 & = & 88888 \\
 9 \times 98765 + 3 & = & 888888 \\
 9 \times 987654 + 2 & = & 8888888 \\
 9 \times 9876543 + 1 & = & 88888888 \\
 9 \times 98765432 + 0 & = & 888888888
 \end{array}$$

Are You A Good Sloganeer?

Down through the years canny advertisers have concocted many an eye-catching phrase, many a persuasive slogan. And all with the simple purpose of convincing the reader that the product advertised—be it a laxative or an automobile—is something he can't get along without.

We all read the ads (even if we say we don't!). Here is a test of your ability as a sloganeer—how many of the slogans below can you identify? The answers are in the second column, but all mixed up. You straighten them out. Twenty correct rates you *magna cum laude*; fifteen passes you; less than that—well, where have you been?

Slogans

1. "Ask the man who owns one."
2. "Not a cough in a carload."
3. "The greatest name in rubber."
4. "Eventually, why not now?"
5. "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."
6. "They satisfy."
7. "The pause that refreshes."
8. "When better automobiles are built ——— will build them."
9. "57 varieties."
10. "There is nothing finer than a ———."
11. "It beats—as it sweeps—as it cleans."
12. "There's a ——— in your future."
13. "It banishes 'tattle-tale gray'."
14. "Fire-chief."
15. "Goes a long way to make friends."
16. "Good to the last drop."
17. "His master's voice."
18. "Flying horsepower."
19. "Four swell soaps in one."
20. "Writes dry with wet ink."
21. "On silver it's sterling, on tires it's ———."
22. "One a day."
23. "It floats."

24. "The watch that made the dollar famous."
25. "We cover the earth."

Brand Names

- a. Buick.
- b. General tires.
- c. Ford.
- d. Ingersoll.
- e. Miles Laboratories (vitamin tablets).
- f. Packard.
- g. Swan.
- h. Stromberg Carlson (radios).
- i. Sherwin Williams (paints).
- j. Chesterfield cigarettes.
- k. Fels-Naphtha soap.
- l. Goodyear.
- m. Ivory soap.
- n. The Prudential Insurance Company of America.
- o. Gold Medal flour.
- p. Texaco gasoline.
- q. H. J. Heinz & Company.
- r. Seiberling.
- s. Old Gold cigarettes.
- t. The Hoover (vacuum cleaner).
- u. Victor (the Victrola).
- v. Coca-Cola.
- w. Parker "51."
- x. Maxwell House coffee.
- y. Mobilgas

(Answers on Page 48)

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
(Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society)

THEME: Information That Guards and Guides

1	The Blessed Life	Matthew 5:1-9
2	Saved From Fretfulness	Matthew 5:10-16
3	Our Greatest Worry	Matthew 6:19-26
4	A Sense of Detachment	Matthew 6:31-34
5	Brave Men Accept Uncertainties	Matthew 10:5-11
6	Easing the Jolts in Life	Matthew 12:33-37
7	Being Cheered Up	Matthew 14:22-33
8	Washing Is Not Enough	Matthew 27:20-26
9	The Christ of Calvary	Matthew 27:29-38
10	The Antidote to Confusion	Luke 6:27-38
11	Formula for Life	Luke 10:25-28
12	Practicing Perfect Prayer	Luke 11:1-4
13	The Legacy Jesus Left	Luke 22:14-23
14	No Hatred—No Bitterness	Luke 23:32-43
15	These Words Always Work	John 1:1-14
16	Glorifying God	John 17:1-16
17	Not Being Neutral	Romans 1:14-17
18	Managing Our Tribulations	Romans 5:1-8
19	Something to Offer God	Romans 12:1-8
20	Borderline Living	Romans 12:9-15
21	Overpowering Goodness	Romans 12:16-21
22	The Scruples of Others	Romans 14:1-9
23	Why and How Say Thanks	II Corinthians 9:10-15
24	Each Helps the Other	Galatians 6:1-10
25	The Disciplines of Patience	Philippians 4:10-20
26	How to Be Established	II Thessalonians 3:1-5
27	Partakers by Holding Fast	Hebrews 3:12-15
28	Accept People As They Are	James 4:5-12
29	Prayer As a Direction Finder	James 5:10-16
30	Forbearance and Encouragement	I Peter 4:1-10
31	Divine Cleansing	I John 1:5-10
30		

United Fellowship

Who? . . . Me?

When Moses stood near the burning bush and heard the voice of God calling him to witness before Pharaoh, he said, "Who? Me?" Ever since, people have been reacting this way to God's call to witness. None of us seems to believe that God could really use us—the ordinary people we are.

One look at the Prophets or at the Twelve Apostles should show us that God can use anyone. Amos was a shepherd; Peter, a fisherman; Paul, a tentmaker. God can use anyone who is willing to be used. He doesn't play favorites.

Sometimes when the call to witness comes, we look up in surprise and exclaim, "Oh, not here!" But the Bible shows that dedicated men can witness anywhere. Isaiah and Hosea stayed right at home. Amos went into the big city. Daniel stood firm as a captive in Babylon and Jonah spoke out as a foreigner in Nineveh. Paul went to Greece; Whitefield came to America; Livingstone went to Africa. God doesn't pick out choice spots and ask us to witness there. He seems to say, "Witness where you are."

Two things are required of witnesses—insight and courage. Insight enough to distinguish between right and wrong, good and evil, justice and crime, truth and falsehood. Courage enough to be willing to stand up to proclaim the right and condemn the wrong—and take the consequences.

A new day in Christian history will dawn when the followers of Christ stop saying, "Who? Me?" and learn to say, "Here am I; send me."

—Joe Dana



YOU ARE INVITED •

Coming Events of Interest to You

Events are listed by time, place, name, and address for obtaining information

- August 1-6: Marshall, Missouri, MISSOURI TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Martha Miller, 101 East McCarty, Jefferson City, Mo.
- August 1-8: Jennings Lodge, Ore., JENNINGS LODGE SUMMER ASSEMBLY (EUB); 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- August 1-8: Nashville, Tenn., SOUTH CENTRAL TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Don Newby, 79 East Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.
- August 1-8: Spruce Creek, Pa., PENNSYLVANIA TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Martin Hopkins, 2403 N. Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
- August 3-8: Cedar Falls, Iowa; SUMMER ASSEMBLY (EUB); 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- August 8-14: Salisaw, Okla., OKLAHOMA TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Mrs. Vivian Reno, 902 Braniff Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.
- August 8-15: Collettsville, N.C., SOUTHEASTERN TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Don Newby, 79 East Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.
- August 9-14: Cedar Falls, Iowa, YOUTH CAMP (EUB); 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- August 9-15: Santa Cruz, Cal., SIXTH QUADRENNIAL OF COVENANT YOUTH; Evangelical Mission Covenant Church, 5101 N. Francisco, Chicago 25, Ill.
- August 11-20: Fayetteville, Ark, METHODIST YOUTH LEADERSHIP WORKSHOP; Youth Department, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn.
- August 14-21: Green Lake, Wis., NATIONAL CHRISTIAN EDUCATION CONFERENCE; American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis.
- August 15-20: Elmdale, Kan., KANSAS TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Milton Vogel, 327 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kan.
- August 15-22: Naperville, Ill., YOUTH CAMP (EUB); 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- August 15-22: Winnepesaukee, N.H., EASTERN TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Walter Theissen, 20 Grosvenor Square, Schenectady, N.Y.
- August 16-20: Salina, Kan., OLDER YOUTH CAMP (EUB); 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- August 18-23: Long Beach, Cal., 56th NATIONAL YOUTH CONVENTION-UNITED PRESBYTERIAN; 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
- August 20-28: Chicago Vicinity, NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF METHODIST YOUTH; Rev. Jameson Jones, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn.
- August 22-29: Lake Geneva, Wis., CENTRAL TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); 79 East Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.
- August 23-27: Anderson, Ind., NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE OF CHURCH OF BRETHREN; Ch. of Breth., 22 S. State Street, Elgin, Ill.
- August 24-26: Randolph, Wis., YOUNG CALVINIST FEDERATION CONFERENCE; Richard Postma, 44 Ionia Ave., S.W., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.
- August 26-29: Portland, Ore., INTERNAT'L YOUTH FELLOWSHIP-CHURCH OF GOD; Tom A. Smith, Box 67, Anderson, Ind.
- August 27-September 4: Centerville, Md., CHESAPEAKE AREA TRAINING CONFERENCE (UCYM); Phil Dunning, 1015 Tatnall St., Wilmington, Del.
- August 29-September 4: Lake Geneva, Wis., NATIONAL STUDENT CONFERENCE (Disciples), 222 S. Downey Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
- September 2-7: Holland, Mich., NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF YOUTH; Reformed Church of America, 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Amos, Prophet of Social Justice

Aims for This Program

1. To secure briefly a picture of the prophet Amos, the man and his message.
2. To gain help from Amos on learning how to conquer the social injustices of our day.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: The Book of Amos, especially chapters 3 to 6.

A man invested one thousand dollars in public housing and a short while later sold his interests for fifty thousand. What do you think of him? Was he a smart cookie? Another man discovered that he could make a certain article for nineteen cents and market it for five dollars. A movie actress received \$300,000 one year in salaries, whereas a laborer drawing minimum wages at seventy-five cents an hour took home about \$1,500 for the same year. Does this bother you? In some cities in America it is not possible for certain Americans to get a room at a hotel or eat in public dining halls. Why? Because their color is black.

Now mull over these things a moment. Think about situations you yourself have seen or experienced. Would you say that today's world is a just world? And the next question that comes, especially if you are a Christian, is this: What are you doing to make conditions more just?

Let us turn back the pages of time for a few moments and go back to ancient Israel. There we find the prophets bumping up against all kinds of injustice. Inspired by God, they began to

thunder against the evils they found wrong, and we can be sure their fiery preaching brought about many changes. Let us consider, first, one of these prophets who lived seven hundred years before Christ (about 760 B.C.). He is known as the prophet Amos, and he is rightly called the prophet of social justice.

Amos, the Man and His Message

Amos was a man of the desert. He lived in the village of Tekoa, a town in the wilderness of Judah, about ten miles south of Jerusalem. He was a man of humble origin; a shepherd and dresser of sycamore trees. The sheep, of course, gave wool, and the sycamore trees gave a fruit somewhat like figs. The fruit grew directly from the trunk and had to be punched with a sharp instrument three or four days before gathering.

Each year Amos would go up to the cities of the Northern Kingdom, particularly Bethel, to market his wool and figs. There he saw conditions which were in such contrast to the desert that they made his heart burn within

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him. Everywhere he saw luxury, impurity, intemperance, violence, bribery, and such sins. This deplorable state of affairs around him and the indwelling spirit of God within him led Amos to proclaim God's message.

What was this message? In his book, he states it in vivid language and no uncertain terms. There is no pussyfooting about Amos. He puts his finger right on the sore spot and he speaks with power. Hear him:

"They sell the righteous for silver,
and the needy for a pair of shoes."

"O you who turn justice to wormwood,
and cast down righteousness to the earth."

The people are so evil that
"they hate him who reproves
in the gate, and they abhor
him who speaks the truth."

The place of judgment was at the gate; there the court was set up to mete out justice, but the leaders did not want justice!

Amos saw how immoral the people had become.

"They trample the head of the poor into the dust of the earth,
and turn aside the way of the afflicted;

"Woe to those who lie upon beds of ivory,
and stretch themselves upon their couches, . . .
who drink wine in bowls,
and anoint themselves with the finest oils,

but are not grieved over the ruin of Joseph."

Now these are only samples of the preaching of Amos. If you read Amos yourself, you'll find more vivid statements. (*Read especially Amos 5:11-12; 6:12; 8:4-8.*)

Amos took no compromising attitude toward sin. These things were not pleasant to hear, but he believed in a God of righteousness. How different Jehovah was from the licentious gods of the Canaanites. Jehovah demanded justice, morality, purity. Amos went on to say God knew all about their sins. They were not fooling God (Amos 5:12). He insisted that God was going to punish them for their sins. "I will punish you for all your iniquities."

Yet always there was the message of hope. If the people would turn from their sins, God would forgive and they could live. Hear him:

"Seek good, and not evil,
that you may live. . . .

Hate evil, and love good,
and establish justice in the gate."

If Amos Were to Return Today

If Amos were to come back upon the social scene today, what would he find? To be sure, he would find many honest souls seeking to live by the principles of Jesus Christ. But he would also find greedy souls grabbing money by hook or crook, pushing others, little people, out of the way so they could amass wealth, gain power, and become big shots.

He would find millions con-

cerned only with fun and pleasure. He would hear a literary figure say, "To me, pleasure and a good time are the only things worth a hoot." He would hear someone else saying, "The best way to overcome temptation is to yield to it."

He would find slums and sub-standard housing with millions living in filth and squalor.

He would find parents neglecting their children and a wave of juvenile delinquency.

He would find many Americans restricted from hotels, restaurants, residential districts, and transportation simply because their skin is colored.

He would find inequality, injustice, intemperance, immorality, iniquity.

And what would he say? He would condemn all social injustice and say: "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream."

He would insist that God is a God who judges. And he would say with Paul, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Now, of course, Amos is not coming back from the dead. But God needs prophets just the same. You and I, then, are to proclaim as did Amos, the message of God. We are to say without fear or favor that God is on the side of the right. We are to tell men that when they sin moral decay sets in. We are to thunder that a nation which forgets God is doomed.

We are to proclaim that being a Christian means more than going to church on Sunday, though that's important. It means to conduct our affairs during the week as a representative of Christ—

Questions for Discussion

1. What do we mean by "social justice"?

2. What conditions did Amos discover in Israel that were wrong?

3. How did Amos take his stand?

4. What conditions about us today are wrong? What stand should we take? How do we go about it?

5. How can one take a strong stand for justice and yet practice love?

wherever we are, at business, at work, in the army, anywhere! It means serving Christ 365 days a year, and 366 on leap year.

America, like Israel, has a sacred trust. Although we have only six per cent of the world's population, we use forty-eight per cent of the world's coffee, fifty-three per cent of the world's tin, fifty-six per cent of the world's rubber, seventy-two per cent of the world's silk. We operate sixty per cent of the world's telegraph lines and telephones. We run eighty per cent of the world's motor cars. We produce seventy per cent of the world's wheat and cotton; fifty per cent of the world's copper and pig iron. And we possess \$11,000,000,000 of gold, or one-half of the world's monetary metal.

Are we to boast because of all this? Not at all! God has placed us in this day and time, with these possessions, that we might share with others, that America might be a missionary base from which the gospel of Christ goes out to the ends of the earth.

Hosea, Prophet of God's Love

Aims for This Program

1. To secure briefly a picture of the prophet Hosea the man and his message.
2. To gain from Hosea's life and message help on living today according to the principle of love.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Book of Hosea, especially chapters 1-5, 11.

It is said that Sadu Sundar Singh, the great Indian Christian, was traveling along one of India's highways with a Buddhist monk when the two of them heard the groans of a third man who had been hurt. They saw him some way down the hillside; but the Buddhist monk would not stop to help. It was bitter cold, a storm was brewing, and besides, said the monk, it was Fate that put the wounded man there. Alone, Sadu climbed down the cliff, picked the man up, and carried him along the roadway toward the distant inn. Just before he and the wounded man arrived at the inn, they stumbled over the body of someone, and lo and behold, it was the Buddhist monk—he had frozen to death. But Sadu and the wounded man were alive. The physical struggle, and the fact that their bodies were close together, kept them warm enough to overcome the severe cold.

It is this love, this "intelligent, out-going concern for others," that a wounded and dying world needs.

Hosea, His Life and Message

Twenty years after Amos, the prophet Hosea discovered the true meaning of love—God's love. In many ways Amos and Hosea were alike, but they were also different. Amos was a prophet to the Northern Kingdom, Hosea was a prophet of the Northern Kingdom. Hosea could not see Israel in a detached way; he was part and parcel of Israel's sin and shortcomings. Like Kagawa of Japan, he could say:

"Like Christ who bore our sins upon the Cross,
I, too, must bear my country's sin and dross."

Hosea learned his lesson of love through a very bitter experience. He married a young woman by the name of Gomer, who became faithless. She bore three children, but two of them were not Hosea's. Finally, Gomer deserted Hosea and turned to her other lovers. Yet in spite of her sin, Hosea still loved her. So intense was his longing for her that one day he went down into the market place to

find her and there bought her back for the price of a slave. Then he tried to win her back to purity and love by his gentle dealings with her.

The experience of Hosea was a real experience, but it also was symbolic. A two-fold message came to the prophet: Just as Gomer was unfaithful, so was Israel. Just as Hosea still loved Gomer in spite of her sin, so God still loved Israel in spite of Israel's sin.

Throughout the Book of Hosea, we hear the prophet denouncing Israel's unfaithfulness. For one thing, instead of depending upon God, the people were depending upon an alliance with Assyria or Egypt to save them.

For another thing, they had wedded their religion with the religion of the Canaanites. Jeroboam had put up at least two altars to Baal worship, one at Bethel, and another at Dan. They came to ascribe their harvests to the local deities of the land. Hosea paints a very dark picture of the moral state of Israel:

"Hear the word of the Lord, O people of Israel;

for the Lord has a controversy with the inhabitants of the land.

There is no faithfulness or kindness,

and no knowledge of God in the land.

Yet in spite of all these things, God still loved Israel. In his instruction to the prophet about Gomer, God says:

"Go again, love a woman who is beloved of a paramour and is an adulteress; even as the Lord loves the people of

Israel, though they turn to other gods and love cakes of raisins."

God is pictured as Israel's lover and as Israel's father. As lover, he has been faithful to his vow; as father, he has taught Israel to walk.

"Yet it was I who taught Ephraim to walk,

I took them up in my arms; but they did not know that I healed them.

I led them with cords of compassion,

with bands of love . . ."

This is one of the most beautiful passages in all the Bible. "I led them with cords of compassion, with bands of love . . ." The word *cheded* in Hosea, which is translated "love," means even more than our word "love": in addition to affection, it means sympathy, pity, devotion. Hosea is quite certain that this all-inclusive love of God will conquer in the end.

The Greatest Thing in the World

Love, you know, has been described as "the greatest thing in the world." And indeed it is. If you haven't read recently 1 Corinthians 13, read it again. You'll see the truth of this statement.

We love God because he first loved us. And he expresses his love in that wonderful key-verse of the Bible, John 3:16.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life."

In the play *Green Pastures*, the "Lawd" and Hezdrel talk of the God of Hosea. The question is

Questions for Discussion

1. When, where, and how did Hosea preach?
2. How did Hosea learn the truths about redeeming love?
3. What was his attitude toward sin, toward the sinner?
4. What is the relation of love to justice?
5. How can one stand by his convictions and still love the person with whom he disagrees?

asked: "How did Hosea learn of that mercy?" Then comes the answer: "Through sufferin'." Finally, the Voice says: "Oh, look at him! Oh, look, dey goin' to make him carry it up dat high hill! Dey goin' to nail him to it! Oh, dat's terrible burden for one man to carry!"

That's the wonder of Calvary—it reveals the love of God. God dies for us not because we are lovely and beautiful, but because we are full of sin. There is too much hate, suspicion, bickering, and fault-finding today, even among so-called Christians. We must learn how to love; we must learn how to get along better together. The story of the Good Samaritan illustrates what love does. The Samaritan went to the man, wounded, robbed, beaten, and half dead, and *bound up his wounds*, pouring on them oil and wine. That is what love does—it binds up wounds. Sometimes we are in the church a long time before we learn that. The other day I heard a lovely young woman say, "I was in the church a long time before I learned the meaning of love. I was hateful, catty, unkind to my teachers and friends.

Then one day the real meaning of love dawned upon me. And life has been—oh, so glorious since. I now try to treat other people with thoughtfulness, graciousness, kindness."

I wonder what would happen if every single Christian the world around would begin right this minute to practice love. Gandhi once said: "If a single man achieves the highest kind of love it will be sufficient to neutralize the hate of millions."

Now this doesn't mean that we are to agree with everyone. There is falsehood in the world as well as truth and we are to be on the side of truth as we see it. But if others grant us the privilege of interpreting truth as we see it, shouldn't we grant that right to others also? The way of envy, suspicion, hate has failed. The way of war has failed. Why don't we exercise wisdom and try the way of Hosea—the way of Jesus—the way of love.

Toyohiko Kagawa put it well when he said: "Love alone can subdue the world. All those men who dreamed of world empire have failed: the first Emperor of China, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Kaiser—all have failed and vanished like a dream. Conquest by the sword is but for the moment; it has no validity whatever.

"Love introduces God to me. Love is my sanctuary—in factory, field, or city street; in bedroom, office, kitchen, or sick room. I have my sanctuary everywhere I go in the universe. Where love is, there God is."

Micah, Prophet of Mercy

Aims for This Program

1. To secure briefly a picture of the prophet Micah, the man and his message.
2. To discover the wonder of the mercy of God and to gain courage to accept that mercy.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Book of Micah, especially chapters 1-2, 5-6.

We are always eager to get the news. We are avid readers of newspaper, eager listeners to newscasts on the radio; and for hours we carry on conversations with bearers of local gossip, drinking in every tidbit. What is the best piece of news you ever heard? What is the "good news"? Is it not that God has shown mercy toward us, that we who are sinners, who have gone astray from God, are still loved by him? We are loved so much that he sent his only Son into the world to die for us. That is the good news of the gospel. F. W. Faber has expressed this love in the well-known poem:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

"If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord."

Rural Parson Finds Mercy

Of course, the mercy of God is as old as the world is. It remains for each generation, even each individual, to discover it afresh. We have seen how Amos emphasized the justice of God, Hosea the love of God, and now when we read from the prophet Micah, we shall see how he called especial attention to the mercy of God.

What is mercy? It is love or compassion to which we can lay no claim. Because we have done wrong, we have sinned, we should expect reprimand, severity, but instead we find a God who is willing to forgive. As someone has said, "Mercy is God's pitiful forbearance towards his creatures and forgiveness of their offenses." The poet Milton called God the "Father of Mercie and Grace."

Micah lived in the period of the great prophets. His public ministry covered perhaps 727 B.C. to 698 B.C. Amos received his call thirty-three years earlier; Isaiah and Hosea, thirteen years earlier. While Isaiah was preaching on one street corner in Jerusalem, Micah was on another. Those were

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stirring days. Micah saw the fall of Samaria, 722 B.C., and the deliverance of Judah, 701 B.C.

Now Micah was a country preacher. As you read the seven chapters of his book (we have only fragments of Micah's writings) you will note country phrases which recur again and again in the expressions he uses. For example: "I will make Samaria a heap in the open country, a place for planting vineyards;" "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." Through all generations the country has made an important contribution to the city. Nurtured near the soil, trained in the primitive virtues, men of God from the country have brought a purifying influence to the city.

When we say Micah was a prophet of mercy, by no means are we suggesting that he did not denounce sin. He was just as severe as was Amos or Hosea. He predicted both the fall of Samaria and the fall of Jerusalem. Invaders were coming in to destroy these cities:

"All her images shall be beaten to pieces,
all her hires shall be burned with fire,
and all her idols I will lay waste."

In fact, Micah feels that the nation has gone so far in sin that it is doomed:

"For her wound is incurable;
and it has come to Judah,
to Jerusalem."

What had brought about this terrifying situation? It is the old answer of the prophets—sin!

You can well imagine how the people liked such preaching—they didn't. So they said to Micah: "Do not preach,"—thus they preach—

"One should not preach of such things;
disgrace will not overtake us."

But, of course, this did not silence Micah. In commenting on his prophetic ministry, one modern preacher said: "I have never trimmed a sentence to please anybody." God bless him!

But Micah's message is also one of hope. There will be a glorious future for Israel. Note his statements:

"I will surely gather all of you,
O Jacob,

I will gather the remnant of
Israel;

I will set them together
like sheep in a fold . . ."

"They shall sit every man under
his vine and under his fig
tree,

and none shall make them
afraid;

for the mouth of the Lord of
hosts has spoken."

In Micah, we have the best definition found in any of the prophets of true religion for ordinary people. In fact, Micah summarizes the teachings of all the prophets in that marvelous statement:

"He has showed you, O man,
what is good;

and what does the Lord re-
quire of you

but to do justice, and to love
kindness,

and to walk humbly with
your God?"

Man is to act justly. Wherever there is injustice, true religion must condemn it. But justice is not enough. Justice is the minimum. Justice must be combined with mercy. Had we human creatures received justice alone, we would yet be lost in our sin. Christianity goes the second mile. It gives without the expectation of return. True religion means daily comradeship with God.

"Have Mercy on Us"

A rereading of Micah and a look into our own hearts should convince us how much we need the mercy of God. Man is a sinner. He is afflicted with the terrible disease of sin; and that disease is of the heart. He is guilty not just of mistakes or of being maladjusted in his environment; something is wrong at the center of his life. He is like a man in a forest who has lost his way and is going around in a circle, not finding the way out. He is like a dead stick, thrust into the ground. No amount of watering or care will make that dead stick sprout and grow into a tree. What he needs is not merely to be a better man, but to be different.

Now the question that confronts us is one that confronted Micah. Is there any hope? Are we doomed? The answer is, No. God sent Jesus into the world to provide a way of redemption for man. Jesus died on the cross for man's sins. We cannot understand the mystery of it, but Jesus did something for us there that we cannot do for ourselves. Paul put it like this: "For our sake he made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might be-

Questions for Discussion

1. How did Micah discover the mercy of God? How do we discover it?
2. What place has mercy in society? How do you decide when a situation demands mercy or strict justice?
3. Can mercy set aside justice or should it temper justice?
4. How does Jesus reveal the mercy of God?
5. After we become Christians, in what ways do we continue to receive the mercy of God?

come the righteousness of God" (2 Cor. 5:21). At Calvary we see the highest expression of the mercy of God.

The next question is: What are we to do about this? Well, what does one do about mercy? Nothing, but accept it, and then live a life of gratitude for the one who bestows it. The cure for this disease of sin comes not through ourselves, but by our acceptance of God's mercy. We see what he did for us, we repent of our sins, and by faith we accept him and decide to live for him. Someone has said that repentance "is the tear the believing sinner drops when by faith he sees the Son of God on the cross." We hear Christ say from Calvary, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," and realize that by that very death of Jesus, the Christ, God was forgiving man, the sinner. Hearing him, seeing that strange man upon the cross, we accept him as Saviour and Lord and thus receive the mercy of God.

Jonah, Prophet of World Vision

Aims for This Program

1. To review briefly the story of Jonah and to learn the fundamental lesson of the Book of Jonah.
2. To enlarge our vision so that we see the whole world as a field for missionary operations.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: The Book of Jonah

How big is your world? I knew a man once in Texas who'd never been outside the country in which he had been born. Some people live in the little world of self with no concern for other people. Some never get beyond family, community, or nation. This is tragic, particularly in our day, for we surely live in one world, where something which happens in Ethiopia may affect somebody in the U.S.A. almost immediately. Some American servicemen who travel to other lands really never get outside the United States mentally. They're sure they are not going to like it "there." They don't try to understand the natives. Everything is so much better in the good old U.S.A.

We must remember that, as Christians, we are followers of him who said, "And I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself" (John 12:32). And "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations" (Matt. 28:19).

John Wesley once said, "The world is my parish." He was right. The true Christian has a world vision.

Jonah Saw the Light

In the entire story of the Old Testament, there are not many persons who saw the whole world as a field of missionary operations. Yahweh was the God of the Hebrews, but other tribes had their gods, and so the vision of the people was limited. But the writer of the Book of Jonah saw differently, and he reveals the truth he discovered in a fascinating story. Go ahead and read it; it is only four chapters. In brief this is what it says.

The word of the Lord came to Jonah and said, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness has come up before me."

Had this been Jerusalem or Bethlehem, cities of the Hebrews, the prophet would have gone gladly. But not Nineveh! That was a foreign city; the people were heathen! So Jonah rose up to flee to Tarshish. Now Tarshish was in Spain, and if you'll look on a map, you'll see that Spain is in the opposite direction from Persia to one in Palestine. God said, Go to Nineveh; Jonah said, I'll go to Tarshish.

So Jonah went down to Joppa,

found passage on a freighter which was heading out across the Mediterranean for Tarshish. But out in the middle of the sea, a mighty storm came up, a storm that was about to wreck the vessel. Jonah's guilty conscience made him realize that God was still seeking him, this time through the tempest. God does not always deal in sweet, tender ways, sometimes he sends the storm to bring us back. So he said, "Take me up and throw me into the sea; for I know it is because of me that this great tempest has come upon you." In spite of his request, the heathen sailors rowed the boat hard, hoping to save Jonah, but they could not. So he was dumped into the rough waters, swallowed up by a big fish, and finally vomited out upon the dry land.

Now God's call came to Jonah a second time. He always gives us a second chance. This time Jonah was ready! He went to Nineveh, walked across the great city, and on every street corner stopped to preach a short message, but one to the point. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

So effective was his preaching that the whole city was moved to fast and repent, including the king, and so God spared Nineveh. That made Jonah exceedingly angry. He had really hoped and counted on the destruction of the city, because that was what he had preached! He went out of the city, erected a small shelter, and sat down and watched, hoping still that God would change his mind and destroy Nineveh.

So God taught him one more lesson. He caused a wild plant to grow up and provide shade for Jonah; then the next day let a worm destroy it. The hot desert winds beat down upon Jonah and he was faint. Then said the Lord, "You pity the plant, for which you did not labor, nor did you make it grow, which came into being in a night, and perished in a night. And should not I pity Nineveh, that great city, in which there are more than a hundred and twenty thousand persons who do not know their right hand from their left?"

So ends the story. The writer has done a magnificent job of showing in story form God's love for all people and his willingness to forgive sinners. A new high note had been reached in the religion of Israel.

Christ, Hope of the World

This world vision of the writer of Jonah reached new heights when Christ came to the earth and founded the Christian church. John said of Jesus, "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the *world*" (John 1: 29). Again, "God so loved the *world* that he gave his only begotten son" (John 3:16). Jesus himself said, "I am the light of the *world*" (John 8:12). And after his resurrection, he sent his disciples out to work.

In light of these sayings, we cannot help but be world-minded Christians. Indeed, ours is one world, and, as Lincoln said about the United States, that it cannot exist half-slave and half-free; so we may say that the Christian

Questions for Discussion

1. What was Jonah's original idea about God?
2. How did he discover God's concern for all people?
3. What reasons can you give substantiating Jesus' commission to go into all the world and preach the gospel to all creation?
4. What are some of the things you can do where you are to minister in the name of Christ?
5. Discuss the theme, "Christ, the Hope of the World."

forces will either push forward and redeem the world, or pagan forces will destroy Christianity.

This month the World Council of Churches is meeting in Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A., and discussing the timely theme, "Christ, the Hope of the World." Indeed, Christ is the *only* hope of the world. Our world is one beset with fear, injustice, and war. How much it needs hope! Christ is that hope!

Somebody says, "Are not other religions roads to God? Why have missionaries and send Christianity to all nations?" Now, there is much to be admired in other religions. But we may truly say, there is nothing good in them which is not in Christianity. Moreover, there is much in Christianity which is not in them. Christ is the true bridge between hell and heaven, between death and life, between man and God. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." That noted historian, Professor Kenneth Latourette of Yale, well says, "Some of us have been inspired and rebuked by

the example of non-Christians and forever richer for their friendship. Yet we are convinced that when we have seen non-Christians who exemplify some of the other religions at their best become Christians, something happens in their lives which makes them still more admirable; we frankly wish all men to be Christian!" That great teacher goes on to say, "The missionary movement of the past century has been the most notable out-pouring of life, in the main unselfish, in the service of alien peoples which the world has ever seen."

The key-word of our marching orders as Christians is "Go." Go . . . go . . . Jonah went up to Nineveh. We are to go into all the world. Some of you have gone out, perhaps not of your own free will, to serve in other lands—to serve your country. While you are there, you can serve God, too. You can visit some of the churches, give your testimony for Jesus Christ, tell others how much Christ means to you. You can support the chaplain in his program.

We can go also by giving to the church and the cause of missions. Don't be like the fellow about whom it was said:

"He gave five cents for missions;
He gave ten cents for gum.
Then fell upon his knees and said,
O Lord, Thy kingdom come!"

So when God calls you to go with self and money to Nineveh—or to Japan, or Africa, or the islands of the sea—don't turn and hot-foot it to Tarshish. Meet the challenge. Go in the name of Christ to bring hope and redemption!

Daniel, Prophet of Purity

Aims for This Program

1. To learn briefly the story of how Daniel the prophet maintained high standards of purity in a foreign land.
2. To gain from Daniel help on how to keep our own lives morally pure.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Daniel 1, 2, 5

What kind of person will you be at age thirty-six? When Lord Byron was that age, this is what he wrote about himself?

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Byron was bitter and broken, worn out and disillusioned because he had not learned how to control himself. He had spent the early days of his young manhood in profligate living and so he was an old man without hope at age thirty-six.

He had not achieved Christian character. And Christian character is an achievement. We are the sum total of the choices we have made. Virtue is achieved by resisting evil, by embracing the good, by choosing the right. The trouble with too many people nowadays is that they have thrown decency and ideals to the wind and have been saying, "Anything goes so long as you don't get caught." This is as black a lie as you'll ever hear and, if you succumb to it, your life will

be wrecked upon the rock of moral stupidity.

Daniel Would Not Be Defiled

Daniel was one of the Hebrew young men taken from Palestine to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar about 605 B.C. You will remember that the Babylonians overran Judea and took many of the Hebrews as captives back to the valley of the Tigris-Euphrates.

There were in those days temple schools where some of the best young men studied the subjects of that day—divination, astrology, magic. Daniel and three of his Hebrew friends—Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah—were thought worthy of attending this temple school of the Babylonians. After studying for three years, they would be eligible to become members of the king's "brain trust" and serve on the state payroll.

They began their schooling, but at once were confronted with a moral problem: What should they do about the meats and wines served as food, which they were strictly forbidden to eat as pious

Hebrews? If you'll turn to Deuteronomy 14:3-21, you'll see there a list of certain foods forbidden to Hebrews; for example, camels, hares, rock badger, swine. The writer of Proverbs points out, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is a brawler; and whoever is led astray by it is not wise" (Prov. 20:1). Many among the Hebrews thought it was questionable to drink wine. Now how were they to know that there were not forbidden meats or wine that had been offered to strange gods included among the meals they were offered?

Daniel and his three friends answered this question by refusing to take meats and wine and asked only for a vegetable diet. The reference to this decision is presented in one of the most wonderful verses of the Bible:

"But Daniel resolved that he would not defile himself with the king's rich food, or with the wine which he drank; therefore, he asked the chief of the eunuchs to allow himself not to defile himself."

Fearful for the health of Daniel and his three friends, the chief of the eunuchs hesitated to permit them to go on only a vegetable diet. Then it was that Daniel challenged the steward to test them out for ten days. "Then let our appearance and the appearance of the youths who eat the king's rich food be observed by you, and according to what you see deal with your servants." That seemed fair enough, and so the test was made for ten days. At the end of ten days, Daniel and his friends looked better in appearance and fatter in flesh, and

so they were permitted to continue on their chosen diet.

"Blessed Are the Pure in Heart"

Just like Daniel, many of you are in foreign lands. You have been called by the services and taken away from home, sometimes to distant lands. You will not face exactly the same problem that Daniel faced. But you will face temptations to be untrue to the great Christian ideals you have been taught from childhood. You will be asked to give your body, your money, your virtue, your life to "wine, women, and song." What will you do? I urge you to think—just stop there, first. Think! Don't rush pellmell into a type of life that majors on self-indulgence until you've thought about where such a life will lead you. Next, remember your loved ones back home. Would they approve? Are you being true to them? And then, of course, and most important, what does God require? Will you, too, be true to God in spite of the severest tests?

There are four special areas you need to watch. First is the area of thinking. If the thinking becomes impure, the living will be impure. That is why Paul said, "Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise think about these things" (Philippians 4:8).

But how do we keep our minds

out of life's low levels? There is no simple solution, but we can find the way. For one thing, prayer is important. Let us make God a major theme of our thought life. The friends with whom we associate, the books we read, the movies we see—in fact, all the activities of life are giving us the material which we turn over and over in our minds.

Second, there is the area of reading. There is much that is unholy and indecent in the literature of our day. The Christian will avoid such filth. One of the mayors of New York sometime ago said that he was going to remove all filthy and salacious magazines from the newsstands. Asked how he was going to do it, he said: "Well, if I can do it in no other way, I'll get rid of them by the sewage disposal act." There are so many good books, it is a shame to waste one's time on the inferior.

Third, there is the area of speaking. A great story is told about Charlie Comisky, the baseball manager for whom Comisky Park in Chicago is named. Charlie attended a banquet which was put on for the veterans of baseball. The speaker for the occasion began his talk by telling some smutty stories. Immediately Charlie arose and said, "Gentlemen, we old-timers have enjoyed ourselves tonight. There has been laughter. There has been fun. Many stories have been told, but all our stories have been clean. I ask you, Mr. Toastmaster, to give me just one minute to get out of this hall and then the speaker can resume if he wants. If there are any of you men who want

Questions for Discussion

1. Where did Daniel get his ideas of right and wrong?
2. Would it have mattered if Daniel had compromised? In what way?
3. What does the Bible say about purity? To what extent is the Bible our guide for daily living?
4. How does thinking affect a man's living? What should a Christian read? Is it wrong to tell off-color stories?
5. Suppose a person has done wrong, what should he do now?

to follow me, come on." However, Charlie didn't have to leave, for the offending speaker apologized and sat down. The banquet was resumed.

Finally, there is the area of unclean living. The hunger for a mate and the legitimate satisfaction of sex within wedlock is not questioned. A river is a great benefit if it is kept within its channel. If, however, there are excessive rains and there are no dams or dikes and the river overflows, then the tragedy of floods come upon the land. Love is a beautiful thing. But there is another four-letter word which begins with "L." That word is lust, and lust is an ugly thing. Lust is perversion of love. When we are tempted to be untrue to our highest ideals, let us ask ourselves: Am I respecting the rights of others? Would I be willing for my sister to be treated thus? Will I be sorry later for the step I am taking now? Like Daniel, am I being loyal to God and to Jesus Christ?



The young couple were obviously newlyweds going to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. As they stepped off the train, the bride said: "John, dear, let's try to make the people think we've been married a long time."

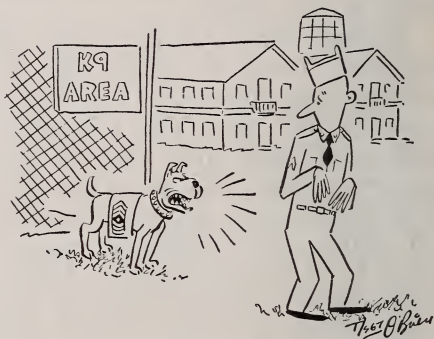
"All right, honey," he replied, "you carry the suitcase."



"Talk about a really cool smoke—have you ever tried dry ice?"

Ad in country weekly: "The man who picked up my wallet on Main Street was recognized. He is requested to return it."

Ad in next week's paper: "The recognized man who picked up the wallet requests the loser to call and get it."



The village blacksmith finally found an apprentice willing to work hard at a low pay for long hours. The smith immediately began his instructions to the lad: "When I take the shoe out of the fire, I'll lay it on the anvil; and when I nod my head, you hit it with the hammer." The apprentice did just as he was told. Now he is the village blacksmith.

Old mammy: "Honey chile, when yo' ain't got no edication, yo' jis' got t' use yo' brains."

Answers to Quiz on Page 29

- | | | | | |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (f) | 6. (j) | 11. (t) | 16. (x) | 21. (r) |
| 2. (s) | 7. (v) | 12. (c) | 17. (u) | 22. (e) |
| 3. (l) | 8. (a) | 13. (k) | 18. (y) | 23. (m) |
| 4. (o) | 9. (q) | 14. (p) | 19. (g) | 24. (d) |
| 5. (n) | 10. (h) | 15. (b) | 20. (w) | 25. (i) |

EXPERIENCE

I am a part of all that I have met.
Yet all experience is an arch where-thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. . . .

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

--from *Ulysses*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson



